

# Summer Resort Section

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## THOUSAND ISLANDS, RICHFIELD SPRINGS and the ADIRONDACKS.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

WITH wood, lake and mountain, with a smiling landscape here and a rugged wild scene there, and again a broad expanse of mirrored water; with the scent of the pines and the numerous perfumes which haunt the forests—what more could one want for this month of August, when New York is deserted and a humid, thick atmosphere hangs over it like a cloud?

There is one thing, however, about New York. It is the only city in the world from which you can command an inexhaustible menu of sylvan pleasures. You want the ocean, and here you are, with the superb Atlantic coast within a few minutes. One great park extends from the Highlands to Cape May and Atlantic City. One of the most delightful sails in the world brings you to the incomparable Jersey coast. Then, again, you have Long Island and the Sound. With the ocean at your door, you have but to turn, and a journey of a few hours will bring you into the heart of the mountains, into the Adirondacks, with their numerous lakes, or up to the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands, or to Saratoga and Richfield Springs, resorts within a stone's throw of the mountains themselves and in the midst of a smiling country. You are truly like the proverbial Frenchman in Paris—embarrassed with the choice of wealth. It is all here for you. You have only to turn. And beautiful women are beckoning to you from everywhere. Which shall it be? To-day the mountains and the hills and the lakes; to-morrow the shores of the long-sounding sea. There never was such a Summer city. Talk about Paris. It takes a day to get to anywhere, and the boasted Kentish lanes and rural surroundings of London are hot and stifling at this time of year. The fastest trains from London will not bring you to the sea under one hour, and it only takes ten minutes to get into almost another climate from New York.

This Summer I have been a perfect nomad. I have camped out in the Adirondacks, I have driven with Lee Tiller all over the country near Richfield, and I have taken the waters of Saratoga most dutifully, and perhaps have looked in at the races and a clubhouse or two. I have lived the life of the New Jersey coast. I have found that Deal, with its clubhouse and its golf links, its bathing and its fishing, is as near perfection as one could wish. I have been gay at Long Branch, and I have eaten the toothsome lobster at what was once called by some wag "Shunley's-by-the-Sea"—in other words, Pleasure Bay. In the St. Lawrence, among the Thousand Islands, I have sailed in steam and under sail, I have fished, golfed and played tennis and danced in the evening. The pickerel and the muskallunge have been mine for the hooking. The life there is delightfully unconventional, as viewed from the Newport standpoint. People enjoy themselves and have just enough of social faction and formality to keep fashionable life within bounds.

Of course, one knows that the belle who goes to Richfield Springs every year is the one most admired for her beautiful complexion. The very air about the springs is suggestive slightly of sulphur in an inoffensive form, and the baths are wonderful. You find the water so buoyant that you can float—yes, even if you have it in your own bath tub. And what sails on the beautiful Candarago. You should see Richfield by moonlight, like the famous abbey in the old poem, to view it aright. Some one long ago, when I was quite a young man and used to come up to Richfield for this month of August, wrote of it: "It is a spot where there is no regularity in the times or places for entertainment, where nobody ever wonders what anybody is doing, and where no one is ever ashamed of being perfectly idle." I came across this little clipping in an old desk the other day, with a bunch of dried flowers, and—

Up in the Adirondacks hotels and camps are all occupied, Levi P. Morton and some of his daughters are up near Saranac. Of course, there is always one Miss Morton to spare in such a large family, and she is at Newport. Whitelaw Reid, the William Rockefellers, Doctor McAlpin and his wife and the Anson Phelps Stokeses are all at their various camps. The theatricals at Lake Saranac for St. Eustace-by-the-Lakes and at Paul Smith's for the benefit of St. Johns-in-the-Wilderness were great successes. I met Chief Justice Van Brunt, as brown as a berry, fishing at Schreou. Master Malcolm Sloane, the youngest hopeful of the William Sloanes, has gone also in the Adirondacks with his cousins, the Webbs, although Mr. and Mrs. Seward Webb are passing a week at Newport with the Cornelius Vanderbilts. I hear that Reggie Vanderbilt and Bobbie Gerry are somewhere in the Lakes, fishing and having a good time generally. In fact, you run upon your friends at every turn. The Tallers, by the way, have been entertaining very handsomely at Richfield and Richard Croker is expected here next week. There have been a golf tournament and dinners and dances galore. In the Thousand Islands there has been much gaiety, besides the usual pastimes. At the Thousand Islands Yacht Club, on Welcome Island, there have been card parties and dancing. It is true men are a little tired after a day's fishing and sailing, but the women are giving teas at the clubhouse, and the girls are so attractive that they form formidable rivals to the flaky tribe. And there is my friend George Boldt in all his glory rusticated on his own little island, far away from roof gardens, hyperated hotels and the genial smile of the only Oscar. Boldt is going to build a new house next year, and has said to me that which should delight the souls of the Astors, that last Winter was the most successful season that the Waldorf-Astoria ever knew. But what is this and what is that to do with this glorious life in the open? There will be enough of tea, hotels and restaurants next Winter. To-day it is a carnival, and who's for the water and the lake and mountain? I have been doing a lot of fishing, but I must wait until the 15th of the month to begin to try my hand at the killing of the deer. And in the meantime this great natural park of New York is in the heyday of its superb beauty, and every day finds more and more admirers added to the list. So far, for Summer, it has been the banner year, and the presence of the Presidential party at Champlain and through this region has given it, if possible, an extra éclat. But, then, the Adirondacks and the Lake region will be things of beauty forever, whether man is willing or not.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

FREddie GUNN

